Women Writing the Best Fiction.

Col. George Harvey Says They Make Nine-Tenths of It. and Are Especially Equipped for Short Story Building.

Col. George Harvey is a surprise to those with conservative tendencies who still connect the idea of Harper's publishing company with all that is ancient as well as honorable. He confesses to 41, but if he expressed his age in feminine mathematics ou would not feel disposed to question the subtraction too closely.

In appearance he is a double cross between a New England yachtaman, a Wall Street man and a college professor who saw that his charges were developed along the line of least resistance physically and most resistance mentally. He is proud of the fact that he was born in the Green Mountain State, but the gray blue eyes and tanned complexion suggest the coast and a line of ancestors who went down to

He does not belong to the angora type of literati; his hair is a close cropped cloud, with touches of silver; his pepper and salt suit, with a dash of red where a small tie connects collar and waistcoat, are as indicative of character as is the expressive. so near that it is in reality already here," he said, "is the readjustment of conditions between man and the so-called independent

"A man is born, is trained and has the hereditary impulse strong within him to believe himself the mental superior of the woman. He may not say so, but he thinks it, and if he denies it he is not telling the truth. He is not superior in reality, but that does not alter his point of view."

"Nine-tenths of the good fiction of today is written by women. As a short story writer woman practically has the field to herself. The short story might be defined as a human stom, requiring special qualities for its perfection. These qualities the cultured woman of to-day peasesses. If I were asked at a moment's notice to name some men who were good short story writers my list would be limited to three, while I can think of many wom n.

"When it comes to the acceptance of the

"When it comes to the acceptance of the refusal of a story there is no question of sex; there is no favor shown to woman; she stands on her merits as a writer; it is a matter of pure mentality and when she proves herself superior it is because she is superior. It is a field where there has always been a great deal of competition, but it looks now as if the women were practi



COL. GEORGE HARVEY.

(From the portrait by Alexander.)

ard Watson Gilder would not make a good motorman. I am sure he would not, but what does that prove? When it comes to a career where the physical and mental are equally necessary the woman of today is not far behind. Her athletic training and her course have fitted.

ing and her college course have fitted her for rigorous damands. "The problem that men and women have to work out, the result of woman's men-

to work out, the result of woman's men-tality, her increasing independence and in-creased opportunities, will come from the readjustment of the man's point of view, his acknowledgment that they stand on the same plane mentally, and on the woman's side from her grasping the fact that it is time she stopped dividing herself into class sexes, part of her to demand all the pre-rogatives of the weak, the gentle courtosies of life that men never show to each other, and the other part demanding that she be

of life that men never show to each other, and the other part demanding that she be allowed to compete fairly, openly, without fear or favor. This readjustment has already begun. It began years ago, but it is by no means completed. When it is perfected there will be no more question of sex in other careers than there is in literature.

ature.

"The man's tendency to-day, too, is toward the commercial. He wants to be a money maker, not a maker of books. The ruling force of the day is commercialism, and he is subject to it. He is burning himself up in the devouring flame of ambition. But that cannot last. There is a time coming when he will have to turn his attention to other matters; when he will have acquired all the wealth he wants or knows what to do with.

"Let us hope when that time does come

Let us nope when that time does come he will turn toward politics, toward the fascination and allurements of statecraft. Let us hope that it will lead him to Congress, toward the weeding out of the undesirable elements in his local organizations, perhaps, too, toward a proper diplomatic training.

"It is then he will come back to literature

have been formed apparently by eliminating the phrases "I think," "I guess" and "I suppose."

He sits tall and stands at medium height. "Cally driving men away from it."

"But when it comes to matters of endurance, careers which require a physical strain?" was suggested.

He sits tall and stands at medium height "That is the usual argument, but I don't think it quite hits the nail on the head," answered Col. Harvey. "In the first place it takes, endurance to write a goodstory and the mental and physical are pretty closely allied. Again you might as well base your point on the statement that Richard Water Gilder would not make a Richard Water Gilder would not make the with an inch to spare, and in his office wears an enormous pair of spectacles whose black rims suggest the recent decease of a rich uncle and whose size suggests a pair of automobile goggles trimmed to suit the exigencies of a professional career.

Col. Harvey is a facile talker. The most determined editor would find little to blue pencil. Last, but by no means least, he has apparently not a nerve in his body. His gestures are few, and but once in the

His special editorial sanctum is a specious oblong apartment adorned with freecoes painted by Edwin Abbey when he was connected with the Harper house. Underneath is a row of old masters, in other words, the heads of the aforesaid house. in which the poetic Harper, the financier,

There are low cut bookcases well filled, a big fireplace where real logs, not the asbestos variety, burn cheerily. Life with its complexities is shut out by stained glass windows, which pour a half unreal, wholly charming light on the interior.

Col. Harvey points with pride to a certificate on the wall opposite the stained glass, which announces his honorary membership of the staff of the Governor of South Cerelina; a red-seal, the size of half his spectacles and a green palmetto lend color and

ina; a red seal, the size of half his specta-cles and a green palmetto lend color and distinction to the framed square.

"When I look at that," he says, "I feel that I am really something more than a paper Colonel. The title, which has clung to me, was gained when I was a youngster, running a newspaper in New Jersey, and helped to elect a Governor. I received a place on his staff for my effort in his behalf." Col. Harvey recently put himself on record, in a speech to the Vassar alumnae, as an advocate of the broader, freer life as an advocate of the broader, freer life for woman. There are those who say she has already exceeded her prerogatives in that direction. He thinks she has only just

begun.
"One of the problems of the near future,

DAINTIES FOR SINGING BIRDS. A New England Man the Caterer for Mock-

ing Birds and Nightingales.

Boston, March 25 .- One of the most unusual occupations followed by any person in New England is the calling of a resident of West Somerville, who farms and sends to all parts of the country each year about 1,000 quarts of meal worms, or between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 wrigglers, to be fed to songbirds for the purpose of strength-

caterer for birds, who is more of a naturalist than a merchant, has proved that a diet of meal worms, rather than insects, has power to sweeten the notes of all songbirds with the exception of canaries. Canaries find the worms distasteful and refuse to

eat them. Mocking birds, larks, nightingales, thrushes and other singers in captivity all over the United States are nourished by the worms raised on his farm. For monkeys also, the worms prove a delicious food. In

The worms when fully grown are about an inch in length, yellow in color and not, as one might imagine, dirty to handle. The

earth plays no part in their cultivation. The farm proper is the barn, and there the worms live in cases of hard wood or zinc, from which escape is impossible. The worms when shipped are packed in small, tight wooden boxes, through which many oles are punched for ventilation. Instead of being partly filled with earth, the worms are surrounded with their rations of stale bread, flour, bran and Indian meal, on which they subsist during the journey. Bunches of worms numbering 1,000 are often sent away by mail. Orders for quantities are filled by express. Being cold blooded creatures the worms seldom freeze in transportation, but sometimes suffer

from the effects of warm weather. On one occasion a shipment was misdirected, and 'two weeks later the worms arrived back at the farm in West Somerville, and they appeared to be in as good condition as when they were shipped. addition to the zoological gardens in all the So devoted is the farmer to his specialty principal cities, private individuals, mostly that he carries about with him a small German people, are customers of the West pasteboard box containing specimens Main.

The transition is much like that of a butterfly. A full grown worm produces eggs from which slugs are hatched. These slugs in course of time acquire wings and become small bugs, first white, then brown, and eventually plack. The black bugs lay eggs. from which appear the meal

with genius."

"You meet many celebrities, many interesting people, Mr. Harvey?"

"Not many. There are not many to meet. You know Frank Stockton wrote a book, 'The Hundredth Man,' on the theory that in every hundred people there was one who stood out from the mass by virtue of his magnetic qualities. Well"—a pause—"I think Mr. Stockton was"—a longer pause—"charitable, very charitable."

worms.

The farmer, who is now 54, has been in this country only seven years, and previous to coming to America he was engaged in Germany in the same business as that conducted in West Somerville. He longs for the Fatherland, but says that eo many people here keep songhirds that there is a much better living for him in America than in Germany.

a much better living for him in America than in Germany.

When he first landed he went to Needham, where his son ran a poultry farm. With him he carried ten quarts of the meal worms, some of which were fed to the fancy poultry and produced excellent results.

The story of how he first became an intense lover of birds is interesting. He was walking through a field in marshy land, when he came upon some boys who were teasing a bird they had found beneath a haycock. For half a mark he bought it from the boys and took it home. He fed it on fish and horse fiesh, and it thrived wonderfully. Then he presented it to the zoological gardens at Frankfort-on-the-Maia.

Perience; ast, perhaps, for ast's sake."

This latter thought leads Col. Harvey to speak of one of his celebrated contributors, Henry James.

"Isa't it strange," he asks. "how all women understand him. James? I never heard one of the sex confess that she did not. 'Understand him!' they all say, 'why of course we do. I have never been brave enough to pick out a certain paragraph and demand elucidation. Oh, no! I hope I know my place better than that.

"Do I understand him? I don't pretend to. I don't think men do. Personally, I don't speak the same language with Mr. James, but I admire him tremendously. I think it was Mr. Howells who said that Henry James had the greatest mind of the greatest Merit are forced to stay 'till they die, before the World will fai ly make up their Account." So wrote Colley Cibber, writing in agonized vanity—the vanity of poet laureate, playwright and

the vanity of poet laureate, playwright and actor all in one—at the prospect of being known forever as the hero of Pope's "Dunciad." But there was much in Cibber's make-up beside. The conscious simper and the jealous

last fifty years, and I am inclined to agree with him.

"There are many who think him a poseur, that he is intentionally obscure. Nothing was ever further from the truth. He has a brain that receives impressions so quickly that the average mind simply eannet follow him. He is in an intellectual stratum removed from the ordinary, that is all. You get that truth constantly in his conversation, which is eloquent, coavincing, fascinating. Suddenly he gets beyond your ken. An idea is expressed and it is as if a light struck a diamond and was reflected from, a hundred facets. That thought creates impression after impression, and you sink back hopeless, unable to follow, but admiring just the same.

"Yet I have been with him at a family dinner or with a few congenial souls; and he is charming in his simplicity, never wandering far afield in his talk, but touching everyday topics with a grace and ease which show him at his very best.

"Henry James is not a rich man; he has eer; and dulness, of all things, was the furthest from him., Witness the stroke of satire with which he follows up this observation on the judgments of posterity: "Then, ndeed, you have a Chance for your full Due, because it is less grudg'd when you are incapable of enjoying it: Then, perhaps, even Malice shall heap praises upon your Memory; tho' not for your sake, but that your surviving Competitors may suffer by a Comparison. 'Tis from the same Principle that Satyr shall have a thousand Readers where Panegyric has one." Has Pope himself in his "Dunciad" given us an "Henry James is not a rich man; he has not made a fortune from his work; he lives acuter and truer stroke of "Satyr"? not made a fortune from his work; he lives aimply in his English home and has many friends in London and elsewhere. All the women you meet in London drawing rooms understand him perfectly; they say they do. "A recent little incident shows his att ude to his art quite clearly. For a long time I have wanted to publish a novel in the North American Review, which has always veered away from that special line of literature. I spoke of it to Mr. James. I told him clearly what it meant; that while the North American had a subscription list of 25,000,

Cibber's hope in posterity has been in great measure fulfilled. There is no doubt now that he was a very able and versatile actor, a very good playwright, and a dramatic manager of high ambition and masterly common sense. The criticism of the art of acting scattered through his "Apology" for his life is the first and best of its kind, barring only Hamlet's advice to the players; and though it has since been equalled, perhaps, by George Henry Lewes and Joseph Jefferson, it has never been surpassed. All this the world has acknowledged; but in the case of the achievement with which his name is oftenest associated-his stage version of "Richard III."-he is still under the ban. All the great actors, it is true, have made use of it-Garrick, Kemble, the two Keans, Junius Brutus Booth, Forrest, and to-day Mansfield. But the literary critics of Shakespeare have to a man roundly condemned it.

American had a subscription list of 25,000, Harper's Magazine had one of 200,000 and besides the fact that a novel was first printed

in Harper's meant that the book sale would be greater, for it would be better advertised; in consequence, we could not offer him so much money. Mr. James did not hesitate.

Every morning they shut themselves from intrusion and work steadily. O would think that Howells would gro

in our writing at present.
"Who is there to take the place of Eugene

Field? It is true that we have Mark Twain, but even his attitude toward life is at present very serious, although he could not

"That is a sample of his repartee. But he has little competition; not that there is a great call for humorous work, but we don't

A question was asked concerning Mrs. Humphry Ward. "I consider her." says Col. Harvey, "the greatest woman nevelist of our time. There

do not seem to appreciate their own foibles as caught and held by that unerring pen. Mrs. Ward is English of the English herself, but when she depicts the British Philistine, the British Philistine simply does not understand.

be greater, for it would be better advertised; in consequence, we could not offer him so much money. Mr. James did not hesitate. The thought of having a novel in the North American Review, appealing to what was a new and exclusive audience, seemed more alluring to him, and the contract was made. There are few men who would have made that decision."

One comes to Mr. Howells naturally by way of Mr. James.

"Is it not surprising," says Col. Harvey, and his tone is that of a hero worshipper, "the amount of work that Mr. Howells has turned out? More surprising still it is all good. You cannot take up anything he has ever written that is not worth while. Essays, travel sketches, novels, all touched with a master hand. He is sixty-seven and has written thirty-five books, and I think it is safe to say that his latest book is as good as any he has ever produced.

"Of course there are many writers, men of undoubted genius, who cannot write except when the inspiration comes. Take a man like Poe for example. I cannot imagine his ever having tied himself down to certain hours of work every day; on the other hand, two men of such diverse temperaments and styles as James and Howells allow nothing to interfere with their routine. Every morning they shut themselves in from intrusion and work steadily. One Lowe, in his scholarly "Life of Bettern." while acknowledging that it is "skilfully adapted for stage effect," denounces it as "full of villainous claptrap, mixed metaphors and unmitigated nonsense." Mr. E. A. Calkins, in his preface to the Bankside edition of the old texts of the play says: "The vulgarity of these interpolations is extreme and without redeeming grace to the critical student." Sidney Lee, in his "Life," concedes that Cibber was a lover of Shakespear, but adds "His vanity and his faith in the ideals of the Restoration incited him to perpetrate

many outrages on Shakespeare's text." Lee cites the adaptation of "Richard III." as "notorious." A hundred like verdicts might be quoted. That Cibber's "Richard III." is theatrically effective is of course admitted, but only in the way of implying that this is the chief item in the charge against it.

would think that Howells would grow mechanical, but there is no trace of the manufactured article; there is no less of the delicate, subtle humor which makes him so readable, and [Col. Harvey looked and] we have little enough of that quality in our writing at present. If there is nothing to commend the work of Cibber besides villainous theatric clappresent very serious, although he could not help writing humorously at times. I think that perhaps the funniest thing about Mark Twain now is not his writing, but his bed. He lies in bed a good deal; he says he has formed the habit. His ted is the largest one I ever saw, and on it is the weirdest collection of objects you ever saw, enough to furnish a Harlem flat—books, writing materials, clothes, any and everything that could foregather in his vicinity. He looks quite happy rising out of the mass, and over all prowls a huge black cat of a very unbappy disposition. She snaps and snarls and claws and bites, and Mark Twain takes his turn with the rest; when she gets tired of tearing up manuscript she scratches him and he bears it with a patience wonderful to behold. trap, is it not strange that of all the rehashings of Shakespeare it is the only one to keep the boards? Lansdowne's "Jew of Venice" early died. Tate's "King Lear" lingered longer, but in the end went the same way. From Dryden to the smallest managerial playsmith, theatrical folk have tried to improve upon the great dramatist, and their efforts have proved vain. Why has Cibber alone survived? To any practical man of the theatre the reason is plain as the trunk of an elephant-which has not, however, caused any of the superior "critical students" to take note of it. For two hundred years and more the vername has been a practical impossibility. Even in the time of Flizabeth its stagecraft was archaic, barking back to the methods of the Middle / ges. Cibber has livedfor one reason-because only. Cibber is possible.

with a patience wonderful to behold.

"I think Oliver Herford is about our only humorist, and his literary production is, unfortunately, not large. Dining the other night at the olub, an old gentleman sitting in one of the adjoining rooms sent in word that he wished Mr. Herford's party would be quieter, as he could not read. Like a fissh, Mr. Herford sent his condelences for the old gentleman's 'infirmity'; said he could read when he was three.

"That is a sample of his reporter. But The convention of the stage of the Middle Ages was what has been called the simulanecus decoration. In the mystery plays each scene in the history of the world, from the Creation to the Last Judgment, was eem to be able under present conditions o produce it. Perhaps we will later, when, ske the people on the other side, we make eisure a profession in itself." represented in a series on the same boards, each station serving in turn to give the symbol for its appropriate act. Has any one pointed out that in a modified form this convention was known to Shakespeare? In Peele's "Old Wives Tale" the stage greatest woman nevelse of our time. There are many who can write a good psychologic story, many a story of incident, dramatic plot and that, but the combination is as rare as it is interesting. Mrs. Ward has made a fortune out of her books, but the fortune has been practically made here, rather than in England, for the people there do not seem to appreciate their company. represented at one and the same time a cross reads, the door of Smith's but, a conjurer's study, a well, and probably other localities. In "Titus Andronicus" it represents at once a Senate House and a temb. It was this sort of thing that Sir Philip Sidney had in Elizabethan stage "you shal have Asia of the one side, and Affrick of the other, and so many other under kingdoms that the Player, when he cometh in, must ever begin by telling where he is; or els, the tale wil not

conceived." It is so in the great last scene of Shakespeare's "Richard III." Richard enters with his followers and says:

the sixish ramisine simply does not understand.

"Every book she writes has less of the atmosphere of the library, the shut-in life, and more humanity in it. Note the difference hetween 'Robert Elsmere' and her last work. In "The Marriage of William Ashe' she has brought about an unusual climax, naturally, artistically. Often the reader appreciates the truth that a heroine must die, for it is the only logical and artistic conclusion, but no writer that I know has been able to make you feel that, in spite of sympathy, liking and understanding, you could not endure it if the heroine did not die. That is an unusual situation and Mrs. Ward has handled it with genius." Here pitch our tent, even here on Bos-worth field. This done, they go out to "survey the vantageof the ground." Richmond enters with his followers, and as it appears, they pitch his tent on the opposite side of the stage. Richard is of the one side. Richmond of the other, with all of Bosworth field lying on the stage between. Then follows a series of rapidly alternating scenes. in which one sees, without break, the contrasting moods of the two Generals. In turn they lie down to sleep. The ghosts as they come in, one after another, go first to Rickard's tent and haunt him with the vision of past crimes, then cross the stage to Richmond's tent, breathing words of cheer and comfort. From this on, without break or change, we are hurried through the incidents of the battle until Richard is slain and Richmond crowned.

> When Cibber, in his love of Shakespears turned his hand to the playing of Richard he was limited by the conditions of a stage which was in essence as far as ours from the platform stage of the Elizabethan amphitheatre. The Restoration stage was set with scenery painted in perspective, and the whole was framed like a picture by a proscenium arch. The multiple, symbolic scene, obsolescent in the time of Shakespeare, was quite as archaic as it is to-day. It was either Cibber's arrangement of the last act or nothing. The other alternatives he faced were less

absolute, but scarcely less grave. The great mass of Chronicle Histories was possible on the stage, as it is to-day, but ro far as public taste was concerned it was as obsolete. In the popular theatre of the patriotic reign of Elizabeth these stories of the English kings, without beginning, middle, or end, bore much the same relation Burton Holmes picture talks to travel. To tors.

the audiences of the Restoration they were as obselite as the multiple decoration. If EAMES TO SING IN CONCERT they lived they must live by their sheer dramatic force, or, at least, as affording an

of "Richard III." as well. If this wonderful character of Richard could be kept alive in the public eye and mind, was it not the work of a lover of Shakespeare to do the necessary hewing and shaping? By taking the scenes of Richard's murder of the King from the last act of the third part of "Henry VI." and welding them with the vital parts of "Richard III." Cibber performed one of the greatest single serrices ever rendered to the English stage and a far greater service to the memory of Shakespeare than any editor of the printed works of the great dramatist ever per-

As to the literary quality of his work it of course not possible to dogmatizewhich has not, however, prevented the "critical students" from speaking out roundly enough in its condemnation. Certain questions, however, may be suggested. Two phrases of "Richard III." have stamped nemselves into the national vocabulary After the ghost scene Richard is repreented as pulling bimself together-hoisting his courage, as it were, by the boot straps. His speech comes to a climax with the exclamation "Richard's himself again!" Later, among the alarums and excursions of the battle, Richard enters in desperation, shouting and reiterating A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse: One of these phrases is Shakespeare's the other Cibber's. According to the 'critical students," therefore, one is cheap melodramatic claptrap and the other the work of divine inspiration. Which is which? Let any man who does not knowand how many of us do?-exercise his critical faculty by picking the gold from the gold brick-the Shakespa ian poetry from the Cibberish Gibberish. One version of the passage in which

Richard labors to be himself again ends with the lines: Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper To see if any mean to shrink from me

The other reads:

Hence, babbling dreams! You threaten me Conscience avaunt! Richard's himself again! Hark! The shrill trumpet sounds to horse! Away! My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.

One of these represents Richard as reuced by the ghostly visitations to timid craft, the other as struggling, with his unoubted courage, to put a brave face on the issue of the battle. Personally the latter seems to me truer to the character of the man, and essentially more dramatic. It happens to be Cibber's. And if either of the two familiar phrases in question is bald melodrama it seems to me the frenzied

It is no part of my purpose to show that Cibber's lines have on the whole any special quality. The amiable and pious Colley maelf would have been the last to countenance such a claim. Vain and sensitive he was, but even with regard to his acting he had the justest and most intelligent perception of his limitations; and except then writhing under the cruel injustice of Pope he never lost the livellest sense of humor with regard to himself. "It may be observable." he says, "that my Muse and Spouse were equally prolifick; the one was seldom the Mother of a Child, but in the same Year the other made me Father of a Play. I think we had a Dozen of each Sort between us; of both of which kinds some died in their Infancy, and near an equal Number of each were alive when I quitted the Theatre. But it is no Wonder, when a Muse is only called upon by Family Duty, she should not always rejoice in the Fruit of her Labor." In another place he observes: "Whenever I took upon me to make some dormant Play of an old Author, to the best of my judgment, fitter for the Stage, it was honestly, not to be idle, will mend old Linen, when she has not

better Employment." It is a long cry, however, from mediocre verse to "unmitigated nonsense." Here is a characteristic passage from the last act of "Richard III.":

'Tis now the dead of night, and helf the world is in a lonely, solemn darkness hung: Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me). With all the weary courtainp of My care tried thought, can't win her to my bed; Though even the stars do wink, as 'twere with

over watching. I'll forth and walk awhile—the air's refreshing, And the ripe harvest of the new mown hay Gives it a sweet and wholesome odor.

There is a certain haste and irregularity in the lines, which suggest that when they were written the Muse was hard pushed by the Spouse; and the metaphor of the lady of slumber, though far from mixed, is somewhat too much in the spirit of the Restoration. But the concluding lines, I confess, seem to me both poetle and, at this juncmind when he remarked satirically of the ture, dramatic. The lines that follow are in a happier vein, and at the first reading of them disposed me to a very favorable opinion of the labors of Colley's muse;

> From camp to camp, through the foul wemb of night. The hum of either army stilly sounds. That the fix't sentinels almost receive The secret whispers of each other's watch. Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs Piereing the night's dull ear, and from the tents The armorers, accomplishing the Enights, With busy hammers closing rivets up.

> Give dreadful note of preparation. Surely this is poetry of a high order. A certain echo of familiarity, however. inspired caution-which is just as well, for on second thought it will be remembered that the lines made their first appearance in the chorus prefixed to the fourth act of "Henry V." But if they do not give us occasion to applaud Colley's muse, are they not an evidence of his taste in selection? To my mind, occurring as they do here in the midst of the action, they are far more effective dramatically than in Shakespeare's

The astute reader, forewarned by my

text, has no doubt already perceived that these clickings of the typewriter are not so much a defence of Cibber as an attack on his coworkers in the field of Shakespearian endeavor. That scholars in the drama, in a country which has no national theatre, should neglect the practical esthetics of the stage is perhaps pardonable—though by what particular code of scholarship it might prove hard to say. That they should invent and perpetuate errors, however, is a horse of another color; and this is just what they have done in repeating that the Elizabethan stage was bare and crude and in other respects inferior to the stage as it has been known from Cibber to Mansfield. That the Elizabethan rendering of the last act of 'Richard III.' was more effective, in spite of its archaism, than that of Cibber is possible, and even probable. That the Elizabethan stage as developed by Shakespeare and his great contemporaries was the best instrument for the rendering of the dramas which they wrote for it is demonstrable to reasonable minds. But that is another story. to the true drama as university extension | For the present it is enough to state the case lectures bear to university education or of Cibber against his surviving competi-

AND TO LIVE IN A PRIVATE CAR opportunity to the actor. "Henry VI." was theatrically as dead as a doornall, and much WHILE ON TOUR.

> No Changing Hotels Three Times & Week for This Prima Donna-To Take Her Own Cook and to Brave the Noise of the Bailroad Yards-Talks of "Tosea." It is now settled that Emma Eames will sing at the Metropolitan Opera House next winter. Her concert tour will not interfere with that, since it is to end on December 1. Mr. Conried expects to begin his season next year somewhat earlier than usual,

and hopes to lengthen it by several weeks.

so the American soprano readily became

one of his singers. "I am going to sing three times a week on my first concert tour." Madame Earnes told a Sun reporter yesterday, "and neither do nor think of anything but work during that period. I shall live in a private car in spite of all that I have heard of the inconvenience of it.

"I will only be in every town for one day, and I look forward with horror to the necessity of going to a different hotel three times a week and unpacking my trunk and having to eat three different kinds of food, of which every one is certain to be worse than the others. I am willing even to risk the noise of the railroad yards rather than struggle against those kitchens so I shall have in my car my companion, my accompanist, who is an old friend, and my maids." Madame Eames's companion is the faith-

ul M ss Fetridge, who never leaves her. In Pars it is Miss Fet idige who looks after the conduct of the household. In her Italian villa Mme. Eames-Story may devote herself wholly to her music. Mss Fetterich is there to look after the estabshment. In New York this faithful friend ooks after the domestic problems in Mrs. Story's apartment in West Fifty-eighth street and in the intervals talks business with Mr. Conried. Such devoted friendship is a boon to a prima donna.

with Mr. Conried. Such devoted friendship is a boon to a prima donna.

"I talk about having my own kitohen on my private car," Mrs. Story sald, "as if food were a matter of great importance to me. As a matter of fact I think I could get along without it at all better than most people. All I imsist on is that food be very good. I eas simple things, but I like a sauce if it be refully well made. If it isn't I'm likely to be extremely uncomfortable afterward.

"I mikely to be extremely uncomfortable afterward.

"I had such an experience after a beautiful dinner in Philadelphis the other day. There was something wrong with one of the sauces, or the flowers on the table were a little bit too old. The first dish had a peculiar tasto which it should not have had. Perhaps I smelled the flowers just at that the me. and had them sent away from the smell, faint as it was, the evening was over for me. I tasted nothing else but that. Other delicious dishes came afterward, but there was only one taste for me. That is why I prefer simple food, preferably fruit; after that, chicken and ish. I any case eating plays a very small part in my life."

Mme. Eames has been housed all winter in an apartiment near Central Park which she has taken till May I. She remains travella, as her own house in Faris has been rented for the winter. When she goes abroad it will be to stop for only a whore the same has been housed at the contral travella, as her own house in Faris has been rented for the winter. When she goes abroad it will be to stop for only a whore the same has been housed at my one while and the move on to it tally. She wants to tell Puocini and the move on to it is an about the success of Tosca. Mme. Eames has been housed at my one while the story of the contral travella, as her own house in Faris has been rented for the winter. When she she say the stream of the many time is a search of the stream of the stream of the many through the stream of the many through the stream of the stream of the many through the stream of the many

I had plenty of time to work with the role and to think only of Torca and what I might do artistically the next time I sang the do artistically the next time I sang the part. That opportunity came and I organized the charity performance at the Opera Comique in Paris in October. It was a courageous thing to play that rôle in Paris, where Sarah Bernhardt had acted it first. The composer came up from Italy to be present at the performance and he was delighted. So was the Paris public; and I am naturally more in love with the part than ever.

an ever.
"I only wish I had been able to sing it
to first time, for then the creation would

"I only wish I had been able to sing it the first time, for then the creation would have been my own. I have just had some photographs taken in the part to send to Puccini and Ricordi in Italy."

Mme. Eames has no other new rôles in view, but knows some of those she will not sing. "I used to say that I was reserving Isolde for the time when I was fat and forty, but I will not even sing it then, nor shall I sing #rūnnhilde in 'Die Walkure.' I had always thought her the loveliest of the Wagner heroines. But now I would not sing the part. The music lies very low for my voice and is too much covered by the orchestra.

"It is not from a musical point of view, however, that I look at the Wagner operas nowadays. It is the mental and nervous strain that I find too great. At the end of a Wagner opera I am in a condition of extreme pervous exhaustion, and for that

treme nervous exhaustion, and for that reason they are too trying for me to attempt

any more.
"I had an offer of a new part the other day, by the way, and I would have had the distinction of creating the opers. An Italian came to me with a letter of introduction and was very much astonished when I was compelled to admit that I had never heard of him or his operas before. He had one. of him or his operas before. He had one, however, and wanted me to sing the leading role at the Metropolitan Opera House next winter. I had to tell him that I did not even know that I would be engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House next winter, but he insisted that I should at least hear his opera if I could not have it produced for him, and I agreed to listen to it on a certain day.

"After he had gone away he wrote me a discreet little note, saying that he would require at least two hours and a half of my time. Wasn't that considerate of him? So you see there are new roles and new operas, in spite of what we prima donnas sometimes say."

acmetimes say."

It is a curious circumstance that Mme.
Eames has never made a concert tour of
this country. She has travelled with the
opera company, but rarely sung in concert
outside of New York city, so her manager looks forward to success in the long tou

From the Baltimore Herald. "The most striking example of following a leader into the jaws of death I ever saw took place in Kent county last week," said a Kent county farmer.

tinued, "had a flock of seventeen sheep, which, for some unaccountable reason, determined to go from one pasture to another To make the journey it was necessary to cross the creek on the ice. Sure enough, out on the weakened ice. When he was

"The other sheep, instead of returning to the shore, which they could have done, deliberately and, as the lawyers would put it hole in the ice made by their leader and were drowned. Nothing but sheep would have is another story.
The to state the case a performance. There was possibly some excuse for the foolhardy old buck, but I can think of no extenuating circumstances in the case of the others.

HERALD BOUARE BATHS. THE HERALD SQUARE BATHS

Most Modern of Turkish Baths.

These baths are situated at Broadway and Thirty-second street, in the very centre: the principal hetel and theatre district.

They will be kept open at all hours of the day and night to patrons on and after Tues

day, March 28.

These essential facts being stated, it may be well to add that the HERALD SQUARE BATHS have been devised and constructed under the personal supervision of Dr. Challes S. Levy, who has devoted the past eighteen months of his time to every detail of their construction. Mr. Levy has for many years been con

nected with Russian and Turkish bathing establishments in this city, notably Offs-son's, at Broadway and Thirteenth street; the famous Lafayette place baths and these

His vast experience in this particular lies of endeavor has naturally made him fully and sympathetically slive to every new want and to every improvement that may be suggested by modern scientific discovery or luxurious innovation. He feels certain that visitors to the HERALD SQUARE BATHS will be as much surprised as pleased by the improvements as to thoroughness and comfort that have been here introduced. Nothing so thorough and comprehensive has yet been known to this country.

The baths may be reached from either Broadway or Sixth avenue, and by elevator or a short flight of steps in the spacious Browning building. The decorative scheme is entirely in Flemish oak and marble, relieved by large spaces of white tiling and plate glass. In the office, which is reached by a short corridor, there may be noticed a system of lock boxes for valuables, the feaeystem of lock boxes for valuables, the fea-ture of which is that each one has two keys with two distinct locks. To the customer is given one key: the cashier retains the other. This assures safety as perfect as an be devised. There is also a depart-nent for pressing or cleaning clothes on he premises while the bath is being en-oyed.

A feature that immediately impresses the

There is also a room especially set apart and furnished with all the machinery and novel paraphernalia of the most modern are and incandescent light and heat bath. This special treatment, embodying the most recent scientific advances, has been absenced by the electro-therapeutic associations of England and Americe. In England it has been adopted by royalty, and King Edward is said to owe much of his perennial condition of health to their use, as the following extract from the New York Herald of December 11, 1904, will show. It says:

"The fact that King Edward gets through an much work and yet retains unimpated his elasticity and vizor has been a source of wonder for a long time. The explanation of the mystery is offered at last. For some time past His Malesty is said to have been a source of wonder for a long time. The explanation of the mystery is offered at last. For some time past His Malesty is said to have been taking effective light baths. These scientific rejuvenators are installed at Windsor Castle and at Buckingham Palace. King Edward has had a long fight with varicose veins; sout and rheumatism, too, have greatly troubled him. His electric light baths are now routing all these ills and making a new man of him."

The old King Christian of Denmark diacovered the virtues of these baths and imparted his knowledge to his daughter, Queen Alexandra, who also is one of their champons. One of these is installed in complete any question.

The Aix douche is another feature of

Of its life-giving properties there is no longer any question.

The Aix douche is another feature of these baths which has of late been growing in deserved popularity. Their application follows the Continental method in every particular.

The use of alcohol after the bath as a cooling and strength-giving agent is here heightened to a positive luxury. In the massaverom are stationed vents for compressed air, By its means an attendant suffuses the whole body with vaporized alcohol, a great improvement on the old method, especially when applied in connection with massage.

A large room capable of accommodating twenty persons may, whenever wanted, he put to the purposes of a club, where that number may secure privacy among themselves outside of the bath proper, and expect exclusive service.

selves outside of the bath proper, and experience exclusive service.

The most remarkable effect of these baths upon the beholder is the manner in which the room at the command of Dr. Levy has been utilized. While everything fits and is exactly adapted to its place, there is yet a general sense of spaciousness, and airiness combined with comfort. The baths are designed for one hundred people at a time, but more could be accommodated with ease, though such is not the design of the provider.

though such is not the design of the prictor.

What he carnestly wishes to assure to his patrons is the highest quality of bath that can be wished for, with every modern improvement; in fact, everything that a gentleman might hope to find in the most iuxurious and up-to-date establishment.

The HERALD SQUARE BATH's have taken time, money, ingenuity in invention, and skill in multifarious mechanical applications foo numerous to permit of description here, but all tending to one end—

A Perfect Bath.

Tarantula in Bunch of Bananas. From the Milwovkee Sentinel

An immense tarantula caused considerable excitement at the grocery store of J. G. Matsen & Bons last evening.
About an hour and a half before the discovery of the tarantula Mrs. Malzen had sold a number of bananas to a customer,

and it is supposed that the insect dropped on her dress at that time She did not notice it until she felt it crawling on her chin and luckily brushed it off before it aroused. While she was taken to the drug store a consultation as to how to capture the tarantula was held, every one keeping a pouring hot water on it.

The body measured 4% inches wide by inches thick by 6% inches long, and the pread of the front legs was 8% inches across.

A Political Red Necktie.

Richmond corresponden e Boltimere Sun. Angered by the taunt that the red cravat he was wearing was a sign that he intended to support Governor Mortigue for the United States Senate, State Senator W. P. Barladale to night tore of his sanguinary neckwear in the lobby of Murphy's Hotel and went cravatlers until loaned a funerasi